Numb. 10.

The TORY TATLER.

Quid rides? mutato Nomine de te Fabula narratur.

From *Friday December* 15. to *Monday December* 18. 1710.

From the Tilt-Yard *Coffee-Houſe.* Dec. 14.

THere has in all Ages reign'd an inveterate Hatred and Enmity between the Wits and the Catchpoles: Hereditary Animoſities and inreconcileable Feuds have been entail'd upon their reſpective Generations: What ſhould the Reaſon of this be? Why; the former are too Generous to make themſelves Rich and Scorn the vile Imputation of getting Money; the latter are too Rough and Illbred to have regard to the Merits of Ingenious Perſons: The firſt both from the Shortneſs of their Memories and the Noble Turn of their Minds, ſeldom ſtoop ſo low as to remember old Scores; the other have ſuch polluted Fiſts that they cling like Birdlime to the Shoulders of a Poet, and are ſo rude, that they pay no reverence to *Minerva* herſelf, unleſs She appears in the form of Gold and Silver. But when all is done, the Poet fares the worſt; He is ſeverely and ſubſtantially claw'd in the rigorous Hands of theſe Canniballs, while alas! his harmleſs Satyrs and Invectives are but a Gentle and leſs ſenſible ſort of Correction to them. I lately ſaw a very ſhabby Man of Merit taken up in his Paſſage from this Place to Charing-Croſs, and treated in a moſt robuſt Manner: I could hear him recounting to the Bailiffs with much Vehemency, how Sacred and Inviolable the Perſons of Poets were thought in Ancient Times, what a profound Veneration the *Athenians* had for their Dramatick Writers, and how *Auguſtus* and *Mæcenas*, *Francis* the firſt and Cardinal *Richlieu* honour'd the Wits of *France*: From hence he proceeded to inform them what a great Reſpect my Lord *Bathillo* and the Count *de Jaſper* had for him and how much Money he got by his laſt Play. And why did not you pay your Debts with it and be Damn'd to you, ſays one of the Catchpoles? will the Count *de Jaſper* Bail you? will my Lord *Bathillo* lend you Five Pound? and ſo away they hurried him to the Spunging-houſe, from whence he ſent for his Brother, who being a good honeſt thriving Baker immediately laid down the Money for him and procur'd him his Liberty. Upon this my Spark marches off, as you'll Imagine full of Spleen and Choler, lays about him Tooth and Nail to abuſe the Serjeants, writes a ſmart Satyr upon them and runs in Debt again.

St. James's *Church.* Dec. 10.

Among all the various Perſons that frequent this and other ſacred Places of publick Worſhip out of a Vanity of being obſerv'd, to ſhew their fine Cloaths or in hopes of getting Husbands, I have often took particular notice of *Glyceria* and *Corinna*: No Body hears more Sermons in an Age than *Glyceria* does in a Month; no Body is ſo conſtant at Morning and Evening Prayers, there is not a private Chappel, where *Glyceria* is not publickly known; and yet *Gliceria* is as far from being Married now as ſhe was ten Years ago. Muſt not this be a cruel Mortification to her? or is it not rather a juſt reward for thoſe who carry a ſeeming outward Sanctity ſubſervient to ſuch vile Purpoſes? *Corinna* Smirks, Bows and Bridles in the Gallery during all the little Intervials and Ceſſations of Divine Service, but ſeems all the reſt of the time very devout in lifting up her Eyes and very Shrill in making her Reſponſes, yet not ſo as to be altogether regardleſs of the Handſome young Fellows that come here to Ogle the Women, or that ſhe does not now and then caſt a Laſcivious Glance thro' her Fan or would not gladly receive an Aſſignation in the moſt fervid Moments of her Prayers. Well then: *Corinna* returns home; but what uſe does ſhe make of this? Why, ſhe wonders at the Wantonneſs of Lady *Tippet*'s Behaviour and at the Awkwardneſs of Madam *Prue*'s Dreſs; ſhe thinks Miſs *Hoiden* a pert Puſs for not giving Place to her, and Madam *Sample* very rude and Starch in refuſing to pay her the firſt Complement. Thus ſhe vents her godly Spleen and Reflexions upon all ſhe has obſerv'd, repeats the ſame thing over every Day in her Life, and yet is an Old Maid

Maid and very likely, I hope, to continue ſo. By theſe means *Corinna* will be ſo mortify'd at laſt as utterly to deſpiſe the World, and may perhaps from a pure Habit and Cuſtom of going to Church prove a good Pious, Godly Woman at Threeſcore.

Pall-Mall. Dec. 15.

There is nothing ſo inſufferably troubleſome to a Man of Senſe as the Inſolent Salutations of a Coxcomb who is civil only out of Oſtentation and whom pure Vanity makes obliging: This ſuperficial Pride is equally incident to Upſtarts of great Fortunes and Pretenders of little ones: When I lately met *Aglaurus* in the Park, he took no manner of Notice of me; A Look then would have been hurtful to his Eyes. But walking along this Place the other Day, and ſeeing *Aglaurus*, to my great Surpriſe he ſalutes, ſmiles upon me, and bows himſelf half way out of the Coach, for fear of not being obſerv'd by me. What the Devil ſhould the Meaning of this be? He knows I am a Man but of a moderate Fortune, plain in my Dreſs, and that I commonly trudge on Foot, be the Weather never ſo dirty. The Fool did it, that he might be ſeen himſelf with a Marquiſs; the Day following, when I happen'd to meet him alone, he did not ſo much as know me. Thus he who was a little while ago ſo familiar and complaiſant, was now an utter Stranger to me; he who was yeſterday an obliging ſmiling Fop, is to Day a ſolemn Supercilious one.

From my own Apartment. Dec. 16.

Returning home late in the Evening, and being more than ordinarily elevated with the plentiful Cups I had drank, I fell into a whimſical Vein of Thinking, and was imagining to my ſelf, what Preſents I ſhould make to my Friends and others, if it were in my Power. I would, methought, preſent a little Smattering of Greek to a Phyſician, a few Ounces of Conſcience to a Lawyer; to a Stateſman a Grain of Sincerity, to a Libertine a ſound Thraſhing, and to a ſilly Fellow ſuch another Coxcomb as himſelf. I would give an Antiſoporiferous Cordial to a Judge, to a Town-Poet Hellebore, to an Officer the Meaning of the Word *Honour* written at large, to a tedious Story-Teller the Gripes, to a Dancing-Maſter the Air of a Gentleman, and to ſuch Ladies, as are always railing againſt Whores, the Gift of Chaſtity. Furthermore I would give to a Viſiting Lady the *New Atalantis*, to one who loves a pleaſant Companion at his Heart, a Fellow that has got all the *Oxford* Jeſts without Book, and to my Friend Mr. *N——m Tate*, my very good Friend Mr. *Thomas Durfey*. I was in this fantaſtic reverie mightily at a Loſs what to give my ſelf, but I at laſt determin'd it ſhould be the ſame with other Men uſually give themſelves; to wit, a great Deal of Praiſe and Commendation. The Fumes of the Wine beginning now to be a little diſſipated, and Reaſon Reſuming her Empire, I could not but reflect, what a Madman I had been, and how much any Man muſt be impoveriſh'd, who ſhould give from himſelf but the tenth Part of that which I had ſo laviſhly thrown away, and generally ſpeaking, to ſuch Perſons, as I might be ſure would not thank me for my good Will: I therefore thought it beſt to go to Bed and get to Sleep as faſt as I could, in order to which I read two or three Lines in an Epic Poem call'd *Eliſa*, and ſoon feeling the good Effects of it, could not but admire at the Happineſs of the Author, who, when his Medicines fail'd, might preſcribe his Writings.

Advertiſements.

ALL thoſe Perſons, who ſhall pleaſe to honour me with their Correſpondence, are deſired to direct for The Tory Tatler *at* John Baker's *at the* Black-Boy *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

On Saturday laſt was pnbliſh'd

*** Les Tours D'une Tabatiere, or the Travels and Misfortunes of the Enchanted Snuff-Box, humbly Inſcrib'd to Iſaac Bickerſtaff Eſq. *Printed for* J. Baker at the Black Boy in Pater-Noſter-Row. price 3 d.

Juſt publiſh'd the 3d Edition, corrected and amended according to that publiſh'd by Order of the Clerk of the Crown, of

*** A Compleat Liſt of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, with the Commons of Great Britain, both of the late *Parliament* diſſolv'd Sept. 23, 1710, and the preſent Parliament ſummon'd to meet Nov. 25. 1710. contriv'd ſo in Columns, and diſtinguiſh'd by Characters, that the Reader may at one view ſee what Alterations have been made, and gueſs at the Strength and Weakneſs of each Intereſt, in 8vo. fit for the Pocket, or to bind up with Dr. Sacheverell's Trial. pr. 2 d. Printed for J. Baker at the Black Boy in Pater-Noſter-Row.

THeſe are to give notice, that Whereas Mr. Hodgkins Sale of Clocks, Watches, Plate, and other Goods, was (upon Advice to him given, that all Tickets in the Country were diſpos'd of) publiſh'd to be drawn on the 14th of this Inſt. and accordingly all things were ready. But at the ſame time, he having had (contrary to his Advice) 400 Tickets return'd him, he is forc'd to defer the drawing thereof untill the 4th Day of Jan. next, at which time it will be drawn without any further Delay. And in the mean time Tickets may be had and the Goods ſeen at the ſaid Mr. Hodgkins houſe in Eagle ſtreet near Red-Lyon-Square, at Mr. Somerley's at the Golden Phœnix in Parker's Lane, at Mr. Buſhnell's in great Wild-ſtreet Clock maker, and at Mr. Gibbens's in Orange-ſtreet Red-Lyon-ſquare, Goldſmith.

Sold by *John Baker* at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA